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THE
WAY AND THE FARE
OF A
WAYFARING MAN.

IN TWO LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S.

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AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, LITTLE TITCHFIELD-STREET; AND AT
MONKWELL-STREET CHAPEL, IN THE CITY.

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

Isaiah xxxv. 8.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY;

And sold by G. Terry, Paternoster-row; J. Chalmers, No. 210, Whitecross-street, near Moorfields; J. Davidson, No. 7, Postern-row, Tower-hill; Mr. Baker, No. 226, Oxford-street; Mrs. Howes, No. 15, Charles-street; at Monkwell-street Chapel every Tuesday evening; at Providence Chapel, Titchfield-street; by Mr. Mantle, Lewes, Sussex; Mr. Fenley, Broad Mead, Bristol; and by Mr. Chamberlain, Portsmouth.

M, DCC, LXXXVIII.



TO MR, K E N D A L,

RED-HILL, KINGSBURY,

NEAR EDGWARE.

Dear Brother and Sister in Christ Jesus,

AFTER several storms, contrary winds, boisterous waves, turbulent seas, dangerous shoals, encounters with formidable enemies of the ghostly kind, and many entanglements among the crevy islands, I am once more come to an anchor at the Cape of Good Hope, the wind at south-west. The DOG-STAR is now out of sight, and I am looking to Him that maketh the "seven stars an orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

It has been a day of adversity with me, in which I have had many things to consider; and now the day of prosperity is arrived, in which I hope to be joyful. I have of late had various

A 2

temptations

temptations and trials to cope with; and acted in my voyage as Paul did in his: I cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day; I tried to anchor in the Spirit's former work; in former promises applied, in former evidences, and in former visits; but, alas, alas, the vessel drove; I was obliged to cast anchor out of the fore-ship; (our refuge is a hope set before us); but still she drove; until a little of that threefold cord that is not soon broken was let out; then she came to her anchor, and rode sweetly.

I am now ashore; and, having gained the summit of an adjacent rock, I have been, with the help of my glass, making what discoveries I could, while the eddy was visible: I left the group of Candour Islands about a league from the larboard-side; I fell on the quicksands on the coast of Universal Charity; but the wind veered and brought her off; nevertheless, some of the crew were infected from the shore, and we performed quarantine.

The old shattered weather-beaten vessel has sprung several leaks; her timbers are impaired, her planking is much decayed, and ere long she will undoubtedly go to pieces; but nothing will be lost but the mortal infection of the timbers and the lading; for she will be weighed up again, refitted, and numbered among the first rates, as soon as the Master Builder appears; for he has

sworn that no vessel of mercy shall suffer eternal wreck, or be deluged in wrath.

The storm is now forgot, this part of the voyage is to be performed no more; the Captain is with me, the sun shines warm, and the good old wine is going about. O how sweet are the visits of CHRIST, after faith and patience have been tried! He stands behind the wall in times of trouble; shews himself through the lattice when the proud heart is humbled; sits as a refiner by the side of the furnace, regulates the heat, and brings us out when self is denied; affords supporting grace, stirs up and discovers the base metal at the bottom, purges away the dross and tin, and makes the trial of faith more precious than gold, and the believer like the golden wedge of Ophir. Thus we go through fire and water, but he brings us out into a wealthy place: the ransom of a man's life is his riches. Christ is our ransom, wealthy place, hiding place, resting place, and dwelling-place.

Having enjoyed my Lord, soon after I made the land I went to survey the little hills, and attempted to water the ridges thereof, in hopes of the blessing of increase. We had some little appearance of the days of the Son of Man: the perfection of beauty shone forth; the fire was scattered from the altar; reviving sparks and living coals went forth at his feet; while his inflaming purifying influences warmed the heart,

and brightened the countenance of those that are of the true circumcision.

With delight I looked upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; but with more delight to see the Master of Assemblies there. O! to stand in Christ's strength, begirt with his truth, enrobed with his righteousness, cheered with his inward testimony, illuminated with the light of his countenance, free in his liberty, and wise in his wisdom! then the eye of faith pursues his mysterious steps, which he makes glorious, while he displays his power and majesty as our King and our God in the sanctuary.

Upon the thirsty soul he comes down as rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth; which makes love, joy, peace, praise, and gratitude, to spring forth, while himself delights in his own fruits. He unstops the ears of the deaf, opens them to pleasing discipline; causes a joyful sound to be heard behind, while the still voice informs the wondering listener 'this is the way, walk ye in it.' With the hammer of his word he smites the inflexible heart of another; opens the everlasting doors, and makes the careless, senseless, stupid mortal attend to the voice, and reply 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' He takes the bane of guilt from the envenomed conscience of another, and sets the rescued sinner to banter the king of terrors, and the house appointed

pointed for all living: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He couches the eyes of the blind, draws the veil from the understanding, lets a healing beam into the heart; and makes him that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death shew himself: the soul peeps out of obscurity and out of darkness, views his past life as a dream, supposes himself in a new world, and shines forth in the Sun that shall never go down. He takes another struggling in the horrible pit and miry clay, pulls him out of the deep waters, shews him the way of life and path of peace; fixes his wavering heart, puts a new song in his mouth, and ever after orders his goings. Takes another, that has been long struggling against sin in his own strength, by which he has only burdened his soul with additional fetters, and proclaims his enlargement; sets his soul at liberty, and tells him to run the race set before him, looking to his Great Deliverer; pours a little of the oil of myrrh on the handle of the unbeliever's lock, and makes the bolt of infidelity fly back, while loving-kindness and tender mercy take possession, and display their banner there; thus turning the den of dragons into a silver palace, while every power of the soul proclaim their Sovereign come, kiss the Heir-apparent, acknowledge his hereditary right to government, and crown him King at large.—He lets the enthralled sinner, that has been

long cooped up in the strong hold of flesh and blood, out of his cell; unfolds the door of hope in the valley of Achor; when slavish fear and her train of terrors sculk out, and the discovered tormentor sculks off, while the happy soul feels its plumage, spreads its wings, and escapes like a bird from the hand of the fowler, where it hopes to hear no more of the stormy wind and tempest. He whispers peace to another: bids the waiting soul be patient, and quietly hope: they shall not be ashamed that wait for Him: discovers and lays open the heart of the secure sinner, and spreads all his crimson crimes and carnal hopes before his face; saying, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine: restores the wanderer, binds up the broken-hearted, informs the misled, fixes the wavering, relieves the distressed, succours the tempted, suckles the weakling, confirms the unstable, smites the froward, disappoints the self-willed, feeds the hungry, satiates the thirsty, replenishes the sorrowful, and settles the marriage-treaty with the suspicious soul that burns in the raging flames of cruel jealousy; and suffers himself to be held in the galleries.

Thus goes the King in the sanctuary, and spreads the favour of his name, and the bounties of his hand, until every broken heart be warm, every evidence bright, and the smiles of the face proclaim Him the health of their countenance, and their

their God. Surely these are some of his ways, but how little of him is understood! John saw him walking among the golden candlesticks; and no wonder, when it is the office of our High Priest to trim the lamps, supply the vessels, and keep the lights burning; and who so fit as our Sanctifier, our Unction, and our True Light? What a wonderful mystery is the soul-ravishing, soul-dignifying religion of Jesus Christ, when really felt and enjoyed in the divine power thereof!

These thoughts were hovering about my heart and head at the time you was in the north; but my cruse began to fail, the tide ebbed, and my pen dragged heavily; therefore (like the man that began to build) I left off, not being able to finish. If any part appears too rapturous, let it be remembered they are some of the first springs that arose, after my recovery from a fit of the ague and fever, in which I left some dregs of the old cask behind; and, as Job says, 'My root was spread by the waters, the dew lay upon my branch, and my glory was fresh in me.' Job xxix. 19, 20.

At present the Lord has left communing with me in that comfortable familiar way; and, like Abraham, I am returned to my place, where I hang in an even balance, poising betwixt self and Christ. I know he is gone up, but, instead of going up after him, I am looking within, though I am certain I must look out before I can fetch Him in:

in: the spouse acted a wiser part, she went out to seek him, and she found him, and held him fast, nor would she let him go until she brought him to her mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived her. However, bless his name! he is a constant visitor; he visits our sins with the rod, and our souls with salvation: the former is to make us appear less than nothing, and the latter, that himself may be all in all.

The old man must be put off, mortified, yea, crucified; but there is no putting the old man off but by putting the new man on; no mortifying of him but through the Spirit; no crucifying him but by fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and a conformity to his death. The new man may be known by his penetrating eye, seeing things that are invisible to bodily eye-sight;—by his nice ear, which tries the word, as the mouth tastes the meat—by his delicate palate thy word was found, and I ate it;—by his activity, my spirit made diligent search;—by his affections, I love the law of God, after the inner man;—by the image that he bears, created in righteousness and true holiness;—by his delight in worship, one day in thy court is better than a thousand;—by his heavenly mindedness, they shall dwell on high, and see the King in his beauty;—by the things that he enjoys, life and peace; by his tenderness and warm adherence to the cause of God, and of

the rest durst no man join himself unto them ;—by the company that he keeps, my delights are with the excellent of the earth ;—by his divine origin, born of God ;—by the matter of his conception, the incorruptible seed that lives and abides for ever ;—by the relation that he claims to God, crying Abba, Father ;—by his attachment to sovereign grace, of his own will begat he us, by the word of truth ;—by his superlative love to his Father, being born not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, nor of blood, but of God ;—by his glorifying his Creator ; ‘ this people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise ; ’ —by the fortitude he is equipped with, strengthened with might in the inner man ;—by his spiritual fruits, created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath ordained that we should walk in them.

The old Adam, or old man, may be known by his evil motions, ‘ in my flesh dwelleth no good thing ; ’ —By his attachment to the old cause, thou favourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men : get thee behind me, Satan ;—by his cursed loyalty to the old usurper, adhering to the law in the members ;—by his infernal rebellion, the flesh lusting against the Spirit ;—by his unjustifiable war, abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul ;—by his false candour and Antinomian principles he would have us cleave to the letter
of

of the law ; but wars against the law in the mind to bring us into captivity to the law of sin ;—by his assiduity in mischief, when I would do good evil is present with me ;—by the assistance that he gets from the devil to oppose the Spirit, the things that I would not, that do I ;—by his doing despite to every thing that is good, and these are contrary the one to the other ; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would ;—by his delight in wickedness, with my flesh I love the law of sin ;—by his vile affection for the reprobate, I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh ;—by his desperate hatred to God, the carnal mind is enmity against God, it is not subject to his law, nor can be ;—by his incredulity, what sign shewest thou ?—by his endeavouring to put us to shame in the Lord's work, and I was with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling ;—by his struggling to get from the cross, and his hatred to the mystery of it, by which he lost his life and power, as leader and ruler, knowing that our old man is crucified with him ;—by his incapability of enjoying any covenant blessing ; flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption ;—by the image that he bears, a fallen countenance and a hatred to the light ; Adam, where art thou ?—By his loving to make a covering of every web, as Adam did of leaves ;

leaves;—by his hypocrisy, the old man is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;—by his indefatigable labours in opposing the new man; if any man will come after me, let him deny *himself* daily, and take up his cross and follow me.

These things make the Shulamite appear as it were the company of two armies; black, but comely;—as the tents of Kedar;—as the curtains of Solomon;—as earthen vessels with spiritual treasure;—as broken pitchers with burning lamps;—as a flock of sheep spotted and spangled;—as poor, yet having great riches;—as foolish, and yet made wise;—as the offscouring of the earth, and yet the excellent of it;—as base, and yet honourable;—as well known, and yet unknown;—as illiterate, yet taught of God;—as dying, and behold we live;—as persecuted, but not forsaken;—as having nothing, yet possessing all things;—as troublers of the people, yet the chariot and horsemen of the nations;—as turners of the world upside down, yet the pillars of it;—as pests to society, yet the salt of the earth. As troublesome inmates, and yet more excellent than their neighbours;—as lilies among thorns;—as lambs in the midst of wolves;—as a chaste spouse in a posse of concubines;—as shining lights in a crooked and perverse generation;—as pilgrims in a strange country;—as vessels of mercy in seas of affliction, blessed with grace, and burdened with corruption;—endowed

—endowed with faith, and plagued with unbelief;
—with joyful hope, and slavish fear;—with love
to God, and a lust to envy; with patience and
peevishness;—with submission and opposition;—
resignation and strong rebellion;—meekness and
hardness;—fortitude and cowardice;—a willing
mind, and reluctant flesh;—real obedience, and
strong resistance. Persons who answer this com-
plex character must expect their path to be as
great a paradox as their persons. The way lies
through crooked places made straight;—rough
places made plain;—through darkness and through
light;—through fire and through water;—through
tribulation and ways of pleasantness;—in deaths
often, and alive always;—by evil report and by
good report;—by the shadow of death, and by
the path of life;—through days of prosperity and
days of adversity;—with much sweetness and a
deal of bitterness;—heavy crosses and strong con-
solations;—flourishing like a branch, withering
like an herb;—often refreshed and often parched;
boasting of fatness, complaining of leanness;—
leaping for joy, and sinking in grief;—triumph-
ing of victory, complaining of captivity;—days
of laughing and weeks of mourning;—by the
valley of vision, and the valley of Baca;—by the
mount of transfiguration, and by the mount of
corruption; with the wings of a dove, and the
body of death.

Since

Since I put my hand a second time to this work my pen has acted the part of a restive horse, which runs away with his rider; for I had no thoughts of making such an in-and-out round-about journey as this of it. But if it describes any part of the road you have come, or if it affords you any encouragement respecting the future part of your journey, or any direction concerning it, it is wholly owing to kind Providence that I met with you.

You have read, I find, the few scraps of poetry that are addressed to me; the one part of which is a refutation of the other: it verifies the saying of the wise man,—the fool while he holdeth his peace is counted wise, but if he open his mouth he shall have destruction: because the lips of a fool swallow up himself. Eccl. x, 12.

I here present you with my skeleton of this learned and nerveless performance, and shall expect, according to the phrase of canters, your candid judgment on my dissection:

I just receiv'd twopennyworth in rhyme,
And smil'd to see the counsel and the chime;
Self contradiction through the whole abounds—
A ring of changes, not a peal of rounds.

The

The judgment-seat my petty judge assumes,
And to arraign the justify'd presumes ;
He gives me laws, and tells me how to act,
What to advance, and what I must reject ;

He smites my pride, my wisdom, and my wit ;
Shews what will mis, and what is sure to hit ;
Arraigns my mystic thoughts and ready tongue,
And feigns to set me right by counsel wrong.

He owns the Saviour rais'd me up on high ;
My call to preach the word he'll not deny ;
Yet hints my climbing, not my coming in,
To make me out a minister of sin.

Of priestly pride he bids me to beware,
And shews a danger that engenders fear ;
Yet deigns to nurse the senior clergy's pride,
Or stir them up that they may help deride.

My heart he searches, and each thought arraigns ;
To find my motives, he will try my reins :
He bids me love, but tells me not to rail,
And shews what God will own, and what must fail :

He bids me preach, but never mention men,
Lest truth disturb the cockatrice's den :
At Antinomian errors I may bawl,
But at free-will must let no sentence fall.

On

My learned tutor having set my task,
And penetrated through my fable mask,
His fire advis'd him to conceal his name,
Left Truth should put his crafty son to shame.

At old Socinus I may storm at large,
At Arius the shaft of God discharge ;
For these he owns would pull the Saviour down,
And, if they could, would rob him of his crown.

On lies like these my tutor drops a curse,
But spares Arminius, tho' by far the worse ;
If they would fain see Jesus' kingdom fall,
These steal the crown, the sceptre, sword and all.

The stubborn will of man resists the Lord ;
Self-will and Truth did never yet accord ;
Remove the cause, its ill effects must fall—
When man is nothing revelation's all.

Behold how blest'd are preachers of the word,
Idiots and knaves their kind advice afford !
Left from destruction's path our feet should stray,
Both moles and bats will point us out the way !

He that judgeth us is the Lord ; it is God that
justifieth, who is he that condemneth ? There are
those that condemn the just and justify the wicked—
this is their presumption ; “ because the natural man

B

receiveth

receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man". 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15.— This superiority of judgment in things spiritual is a privilege that results from sovereign grace. Judgment, according to truth, or righteous judgment, is to be attended to; what is commonly called a judgment of charity, or candid judgment,—is too often seen to be nothing but hypocrisy, or false judgment, favouring the children of falsehood,—and the cause of Satan.—I must, dear Friends, conclude, wishing you and your's the comfortable possession of the upper and nether springs, while I remain, in the cause of our sovereign Lord, your ready and dutiful servitor to command,

WM. HUNTINGTON.

WINCHESTER-ROW.

I have forgot the day of the month,
but the date of the year is 88.

• LETTER

TO MRS. KENDAL,

RED-HILL, KINGSBURY,

NEAR EDGWARE.

LETTER II.

DEAR MADAM,

I RECEIVED your kind invitation ; and, if God permit, and the weather be fine, will dine with you under the tree in the little field next Thursday. I am to come, as Shebah did to Solomon, I find, bringing a very great train ; but not to prove you with hard questions, knowing you are, through grace, an admirer of the wisdom of God in the mystery of the cross. O the manifold wisdom of God, wrapt up in his secret purpose from all eternity ! one fold opened at the creation of the world ; another at the revelation of grace in a promise to Adam ; another when Israel forsook Egypt ; another when salvation was finish-

B 2

ed

ed on the cross; another when it was proclaimed to the Gentiles; another at the conversion of the Jews; another at the close of the world; and another in the fruition of God. When Zion shall appear on his most holy hill, then shall be known in heavenly places, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God: and it is most certain that we shall be among them; we have the oath of God, the promise of God, the covenant, the bond of the covenant, the blood of the covenant, the immutability of the Most High, the witness and seal of the Spirit, and the testimony of a whole cloud of witnesses, to dash our unbelief out of countenance, and assure our faith of our safe arrival there. These bases, Madam, are laid to afford a strong consolation to them that have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them. We are got the greatest part of our way; it is but a few steps more that remains; God has borne us from the belly, and has promised to be the same to old age, and even to hoary hairs he will carry us. Meanwhile, let us daily entreat Him to teach us the heavenly art of living by the faith of his dear Son, who loved us, and gave himself for us. Then we shall live a life of communion with him by his Spirit, converse with him in the word of his grace, view his supporting and protecting hand, pursue the footsteps of his Providence, view ourselves as in his immediate presence,

sence, depend on his friendly aid and direction, fetch in our comforts from the higher world, know his good will towards us, and rejoice in the thoughts of his heart, which stand fast to a thousand generations.

To understand, submit to, believe in, make choice of, and love, his decrees and counsels, purposes and promises, as revealed in Christ Jesus to us—is real obedience to the Gospel. To believe in Jesus for pardon, peace, reconciliation, justification, sanctification, and redemption; to trust in him for the accomplishment of his promises; and to hope in him to make them all good with respect to our preservation and glorification; is dwelling in Christ Jesus. To enjoy a heavenly mind that dwells and meditates on heavenly things, attended with a comfortable persuasion of Christ's love to us, which kindles a love to him, brings life and peace—and such have the mind of Christ.

Our unbelief shall not make the promise of God without effect; if we believe not he still abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself. The weakest believer is as dear to Christ as the strongest; neither of them have any thing but what they have received, even as it hath pleased God to deal the measure of faith. It is true, strong faith brings most glory to God; and it is as true, that strong faith brings most trials to men. The great Shep-

herd is dotingly fond of and tender to the weaklings of the flock ; he carries them in his bosom, bids such weak ones say, *I am strong* ; and pronounces a woe to the world if they offend the least of them.

I hope thou wilt not incumber thyself with much serving, nor in this thing copy after Martha, but Sarah, who made three measures of meal into cakes, and baked them, at Abraham's command, on the hearth, while he prepared the calf, the butter, and the milk. As we are to dine under the tree, let it be one of Abraham's entertainments, who entertained HIM that has so often entertained us.

The HISTORY and MYSTERY of ABRAHAM's ENTERTAINMENT.

The HISTORY.

IN days of old there liv'd a rev'rent sage,
Whose life of faith is call'd a pilgrimage;
Ordain'd to rove, of fix'd abode debar'd,
To teach his faith to seek the great reward.

[went,
This prince and princess, blest'd where'er they
Enjoy'd in mutual faith there homely tent ;
No bolts nor bars the palace to secure,
No shield but God to make their dwelling sure.

From

From plain to plain the roving household past,
He led their way through kingdoms wide and vast;
Reproved kings, and gave their courts alarm—
“ Touch not my prince, nor do my prophet harm.”

Thus travers'd they throughout the promis'd land,
Committing all to great Jehovah's hand.
The land their own, yet no possession call;
A burying-place they gain'd, and that was all.

Their mystic seed, who tread their pilgrim path,
Who mark their steps and learn to walk by faith,
Must share their fate; for, whether rich or poor,
May find a grave, but God allows no more.

The Holy Land, which was by promise given,
Their faith constru'd to be the type of heaven;
They ey'd their home, and walk'd with God their
friend;
Who was in life their shield, in death their end.

O, happy pair! with peace and plenty blest;
Nor God refus'd to be their constant guest:
Throughout their course he lent his friendly aid,
And day by day his constant visits paid.

On Mamre's plains, that sacred spot of ground,
The tents were spread, the herds were feeding round,
The royal Master seated at the door,
To see the bleating flocks that graz'd before;

The pensive sire lifts up his rev'rent eyes,
And sees three men appear in such disguise :
Up starts the prince, and runs the guests to meet,
And drops his grave devotions at his feet.

" My Lord," he cries, " if favour found with thee
" Will gain attention to thy servant's plea,
" Pass not from hence till I may entertain
" My Lord, and his attendants, on the plain.

" A little water shall be quickly brought—
" With rich supplies my homely tents are fraught ;
" And rest yourselves beneath this spreading tree,
" While I thy host will gladly wait on Thee.

" I'll from the tent a morsel fetch of bread,
" While you shall rest beneath the rural shade ;
" And after this you shall in peace pass on,
" For therefore are ye to your servant come."

To Abraham's request He condescends—
He ne'er refus'd the banquet of his friends ;
" Perform as thou hast said," reply'd the Guest ;
And Abraham obeys the high behest.

He to the royal tent will now repair,
And to the princess gives the bill of fare ;—
" Make ready, quick, of meal three measures fine,
" For I have three in number come to dine.

" Knead

" Knead well the dough, make cakes upon the
" hearth,
" And I'll command a youth to dress the calf;
" Too much for thee to bear the toil and heat;
" Bake thou the bread, and we'll prepare the meat,"

He leaves his orders at the matron's tent,
And to the grazing herd with haste he went,
And brings a calf that's tender, young, and good,
And bids the servant haste to dress the food.

The whole serv'd up; the butter, milk, and veal,
With all the cakes that Sarah made of meal;
Beneath the tree he spreads the sumptuous feast;
And then, by waiting, serves the heavenly Guest,

The Lord partakes, the rev'rent saint attends,
And soon begins to talk of some amends:
The heart or hand that Jesus entertains
Can ne'er go unrewarded for their pains,

" Where now is Sarah? she doth not appear;
" Where is thy wife; why not her presence here?"
" She waits on me;—no scorn or slight is meant;
" Behold, thy handmaid's standing in the tent."

The Lord reply'd, " I'll certainly return,
" And barren nature shall with vigour burn;
" The time decreed shall first it's circuit run,
" And, lo, thy wife shall bear a promis'd son!"

The

The MYSTERY *of the* ENTERTAIN-
MENT.

1st, The C A L F.

THE Lord renews the ancient promise made ;
To Abra'm's faith reveals the woman's seed,
In whose embrace the weary soul shall rest ;
The seed in which the nations shall be blest,

This promis'd Son, this better fatted calf,
Once offer'd up on rebel man's behalf,
Our only hope, the long-expected seed,
Whose flesh is meat, whose blood is drink indeed,

'Tis this shall be Jehovah's mystic feast,
To which from age to age he bids his guest ;
Thus Abra'm's dish, so tender, young, and good,
Points faith divine to rich and heav'nly food,

In future days the trumpet shall be blown,
To sound alarm to nations yet unknown ;
Awaken'd minds shall fly the fearful doom,
And perish'd rebels hear, believe, and come,

He to his Son's impulse divine shall send,
To bring them to their Father, God, and Friend ;
With hearts contrite, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Shall feel the cancel of their vast arrears.

Boon

Poor prodigals, self-lost, distress'd, forlorn,
 Their crying crimes and wretched state bemoan ;
 By hunger drove, by consolations led,
 Shall seek, shall crave, and find the living bread;

Heathen, elect, return from banishment,
 The angels triumph as the slaves repent ;
 Enrob'd, adorn'd, and cheer'd with comforts sweet,
 With kind embrace the *Sire* and *sons* shall meet.

The ransom'd race shall hear the joyful sound,
 And finners lost shall both be fought and found ;
 Their souls renew'd, and fed with heavenly bread,
 By faith shall live as risen from the dead.

The MYSTERY of the MEAL and the
 CAKES.

THE bread prefigur'd Abra'm's blessed race,
 The bread of faces, in the secret place ;
 Abra'm, Isaac, Jacob, chosen men,
 Were typify'd by Sarah's measures then.

Three strikes were bak'd and plac'd beneath the tree
 To represent the former chosen three.
 These fires and promis'd seed He will restore ;
 He calls himself their God for ever more.

But

But when the tribes to numbers great increas'd,
And from the yoke of Egypt were releas'd,
The Lord appear'd to own his rescu'd guest,
And pitch'd his sanctum in the wilderness.

Twelve cakes were order'd weekly to be made,
And plac'd upon the golden table spread;
Each cake presents a chosen tribe restor'd,
And plac'd (like Sarah's cakes) before the Lord,

Each Sabbath-day this bread must be remov'd,
To shew that stale devotion's not approv'd;
The loveless heart, that ne'er to Jesus burn'd,
Is but, like Ephraim, call'd a cake not turn'd.

The bread remov'd, the death of saints might show,
How they by death must leave the courts below;
The stale *shew-bread* none but the priest must have,
The food of Him that lov'd, and dy'd to save.

Fresh bread was plac'd in order once a week;
And fresh devotees God will daily seek.
This shews succession of the chosen race,
From age to age to stand before his face.

The blessed Saviour entertain'd his guest
By metaphorics took from Sarah's feast;
Compares his kingdom, which he would reveal,
To leaven hid in Sarah's strikes of meal.

By

By leaven here the grace of God is meant,
That runs, and works, and spreads its sweet ferment,
Till all the ransom'd close with Christ their head,
And Jew and Gentile both become one bread.

This leaven hid, in time shall leaven all
The chosen remnant whom the Lord shall call;
By grace renew'd, and purg'd from guilt by blood,
Shall eat one bread, and be one bread for God.

The Sanctum built, fram'd by Jehovah's mind,
Did represent the holiest divine,
Where Abraham, with all his blessed race,
Shall dwell, and shine before Jehovah's face.

The MYSTERY of the MILK, and the Use of it.

ABRAHAM's house consists of weak and strong;
Young men and fathers, babes, and children young;
Each craves his food, and each must be supply'd;
All sue for Christ, nor is their suit deny'd.

The fires must have their sav'ry dish to please,
And meat that's strong young men digest with ease;
But Benjamin must have his usual mess,
His comforts often rise above the rest.

The

The babe in grace will never seem content;
 Unless the breast afford it nourishment;
 When bastards rude insult the heir and mock,
 Then Sarah gives the son of laughter fuck.

The heart in which the Saviour Christ is form'd,
 Must needs be fed, be swaddl'd, nurs'd, and warm'd;
 Divine conception needs a food divine;
 Christ eats his honey, drinks his milk and wine.

The little stranger craves the flowing breast;
 Depriv'd of this 'twill neither grow nor rest;
 The lawful princess loves the children free,
 Borne on her sides, and dandl'd on her knee.

Thus pious Sarah shew'd her tender care,
 When to the breast she plac'd the promis'd heir:
 "My God has made me so to laugh," said she,
 "That all who hear will surely laugh with me.

"Who would have told my hoary aged lord
 "That Sarah's womb to life should be restor'd?
 "A barren wife at *ninety* years to breed;
 "My lord an *hundred* when I bore the seed!"

But Zion has two thousand years been wed
 (And oft seems barren) to her Spouse's bed;
 Yet num'rous sons of her have been foretold,
 And they come forth as promises unfold.

From

From age to age she wears her hoary hairs,
And still prolific bears her promis'd heirs ;
While blood divine can ransom from the curse,
She ne'er shall want a babe in grace to nurse.

Some of her sons are creeping to the tomb ;
Some on the knee, and thousands in the womb.
Thus Hephzubah till time's no more shall bear,
Th' Ancient of Days shall own each promis'd heir.

Let Zion's infant race be nurs'd and fed,
As Sarah and the virgin mother did.
Who feeds the faint ? the Saviour Christ must feed,
He dwells by faith in each believing seed.

The tender wife, with parent's love possess'd,
Will feed with bread before she takes the breast :
Thus Abraham and Sarah both conven'd
To make a feast the day that Isaac's wean'd.

Thus saints to Jesus shew their tender love
When to his little ones their bowels move ;
They feed, they suckle, yea and wean them too,
As Sarah did, and then her Isaac grew.

The MYSTERY *of the* BUTTER.

ESSENCE of herbage, thus distill'd, by kine
May figure out God's unctuous grace divine ;
It cheers the mind, makes stubborn spirits soft,
And callous hearts by hope are rais'd aloft.

The Lord compares his own reviving word
To verdant fields with richest pasture stor'd ;
By God enclos'd is this eternal mead,
In which the pastors and the flocks shall feed.

Food brought from hence, digested and prepar'd,
Gives satisfaction when by faith 'tis heard ;
From hence the brook to Zion's household flows,
Like milk and butter, drawn from grafs by cows.

This unction moves the scales from off the sight,
And brings the plan of sov'reign grace to light ;
A precious balm, an unctuous oil of joy,
With which the saints of God can never cloy.

With milk and butter Jacob's seed were fed ;
Of brooks of this in pious Job are read ;
It makes the bolt of unbelief to yield,
While faith applies the truths that Christ reveal'd.

The

The MYSTERY *of the* TREE.

THE Tree, with it's extended branches grown,
Might represent the Plant of great renown ;
The righteous Branch, the Olive Tree divine,
Beneath whose shade the saints of God recline.

This highest branch from David's cedar lopt,
This tender slip from off his twigs was cropt,
And set by God on favour'd Zion's hill,
Beneath whose boughs believing tribes shall dwell ;

That all the trees that shade the fields may know
He'll raise the meek and bring the lofty low ;
Dry up the fruitless ; with his verdant screen
Revive the dry, and make the barren green.

This Branch divine on Zion's eminent
Our only shelter is, our sure defence ;
Beneath whose shade the saints of God unite,
Whose fruit and shadow give them such delight.

This Tree of Life it's monthly fruit shall yield,
And leaves, by which the nations blest'd are heal'd ;
Whose verdant shade makes an eternal spring,
And screens the fowls of ev'ry plum and wing.

C

Since

Since I began to puzzle my head with these few verses of rugged rhyme, by which I intend to puzzle your head as well as my own, I have heard of your being taken ill, which I am sorry for, knowing that no affliction is joyous but grievous. Your *gout*, Madam, and my *ague*, will remind us of mortality as long as we live; they are constitutional, like Timothy's bad stomach, or Elisha's sickness, which is called *his sickness*, whereof he died, 2 Kings xiii. 14. These will prey upon every pin and cord of these earthly tabernacles until the main standards give way; but, blessed be God, they are consecrated; the Lord hath visited and inhabited them, and has given us a pledge to assure us that they shall be raised again—as tabernacles that shall never more be taken down—nor shall one cord be loosed. The Saviour was partaker of flesh and blood with the predestinated children; he lived and dwelt in our nature, and offered himself up as a sacrifice by death for us; and as his Deity raised up his body—so he is the resurrection of ours; and now appears in heaven for us, as the first-fruits of all that sleep in Him. He is the Saviour of the body as well as the soul; even our flesh shall rest in this hope, our end will be peace; “the Lord is the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever, therefore be of good cheer.”

-Remember,

Remember, Madam, that God doth not afflict his saints willingly, nor grieve them without cause; it is sin that he visits with the rod, and iniquities with scourges: we have a body of sin that must be mortified, besides the many things that we all offend in,—and these call for stripes; and do we not procure these things to ourselves? Let not living souls complain then, seeing they are thus visited for the punishment of their sin.

“It is good for the believer to bear the yoke in his youth;” frequent afflictions gradually produce resignation to the divine will, which affords a sweetness mingled with the stripes, and makes the yoke fit easy and the burden appear light: these bring us to kiss the rod, and submit to the hand that appointed it; and we learn some comfortable lessons from it, as well as get purged from those evils that were the cause of it.

One who has been inured to the cross by a constant train of lingering afflictions doth not find half that resistance, reluctance, nor perverseness, that many do who, unexperienced in afflictions, are seized in the midst of health and strength;—these often start, or fly back, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, and require some violent strokes to ply the iron sinew of the neck; until which is done there is little compliance to the will of God; we go like an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, not considering

that *all things do work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.* I have observed some who have long been bowed down under the fear of death, till they have been ready to conclude themselves sick and almost at death's door;—such have gone through the whole imagined scene with as much distress as if it had been real; and, when they have come to the trial, the whole sea of sufferings has been waded through before hand; and the soul, having obtained deliverance and strength, has *sustained the infirmities of the body*; insomuch, that the formidable *king of terrors* has appeared but a mere *shadow*; afflictions having bowed them to the fickle before, and they have gone to the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe, coming in its season; or, as a *lily* gradually blown, and gathered in bloom.

Afflictions excite fear; they lead us to self-examination; they make us frown on the world, even though it smile upon us: confidence and hope bestir themselves; confession and prayer become seasonable; and the interest that we have in God will be claimed with all the boldness of faith: *by these things we live, and in all these things is the life of our spirits.*

Afflictions are the portion of the Lord's people; it is the cup they are to drink of, and is no small proof of their adoption;—*All that the Lord loves he rebukes and chastens; and scourges every son whom he receiveth:*

receiveth: they that are without chastisement are affirmed to be bastards and not sons. God's fatherly stripes humble the heart, and work out the old leaven, and so prepare the way for more grace. —*He chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.* Under these chastisements we come to the bar of equity, reason matters over with God, get at the *cause wherefore he contends with us*, plead his promised mercy in Christ Jesus, while his own Spirit fills our *mouth with arguments*; and so the controversy ends in the chastisements of a covenant God and Father, instead of the killing sentence of an angry Judge; *we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.*

The whole train of troubles that fall to our share we shall have, but no more—all *these things are appointed for me*, says Job, and *many such things are with him*. What we have gone through will be endured no more; that part of our pilgrimage is finished—and God has hitherto helped us, and brought us through—our strength has been equal to our day; what is yet to come the wheel of time will turn up as it runs: God is the same, his promise is the same, and faith is the same, to-day as yesterday, and will be the same to the end of our race. *God hath delivered*, says Paul, and *we trust that he will yet deliver us.*

As our afflictions are appointed, so there is an exact measure proportioned; *I will correct thee in measure, and not leave thee wholly unpunished*, Jer. xlv. 28. This measure is scant, is filled to the brim, shook together, or heaped up and running over, just as our stubborn old man, whose mouth and back both call for strokes, requires it. *God does nothing in vain*; if there be no iniquity bound in the heart of the child, there is no need of the rod of correction to drive it out. Here the perfectionist has got the start of us; for we cannot say that we have made our heart clean, nor that we are pure from our sin; therefore we must expect the rod for our parts, unless, like Ephraim, we would sooner run away from our profession than submit to the hand of God: for it is written that *a child left to himself will fall*.

The Lord discovers a most tender affection to his afflicted children when in the furnace; he verifies the proverb that speaks of him as a father—*he that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him by times*. Yet discovers himself a present help, yea a very present help in time of trouble: the Lord strengthens them upon the bed of languishing, and *makes all their bed in their sickness*; Psal. xli. 3; place his everlasting arm underneath them, and manifests himself the strength of their heart. The arm of supporting power, and the kind embraces of a loving God and Father,

ther, remove the troubles of the mind, make bodily afflictions light, and every part of the bed both soft and easy. These are times in which our souls make diligent search after God, and when he is found to be about our path, and about our bed, spying out all our ways; and, observing the path that we take, he makes bare his delivering hand in our deepest necessities, and at a time when our eyes are up unto him; by which means we get more acquainted with him, by perceiving his precious salvation to be near to us—and we come forth as gold seven times purified, which encourages a holy familiarity with him.

He that is the Father of our mercies is the physician both of body and soul—he kills and makes alive—he wounds, and his hands make whole; the severe rod and the healing balm are both from him—no affliction comes by chance, no trouble springs out of the ground; nor shall either be a burden to us any longer than while we rebel: when submission takes place salvation is at the door.

Afflictions are good for us;—when the grain is put into the sieve the chaff rises and flies away; when the branch is purged it brings forth more fruit; when the gold is purified it loses its dross; when the outward man decays the inward is renewed;—by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken—and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. Bodily health, bodily ease, temporal wealth and prosper-

perity, contribute little to the growth or happiness of the soul, but contrariwise. In health, wealth, and strength, Solomon lost his heart; and in prosperity David lost his eyes; and when *Jeshurun waxed fat then he kicked, forsook God that made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation*. An infected tabernacle becomes loathsome to the inhabitant; none like to dwell in a pest-house who know in themselves that they have a better house not made with hands, (that is, not of this building) eternal in the heavens. A persuasion of this made Paul long to be unclothed, and to be clothed upon with his house which is from above, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Tribulation worketh patience; and when patience has had her perfect work we are entire, lacking nothing; *patience works experience*—the patient waiter on God, and the patient saint under his chastening hand, experience many tokens for good, many soul-humbling visits, many comfortable lifts to heavenly-mindedness, many a pregnant promise to encourage and fill their hopes, and many a pleasing glimpse, which are so many *earnest rays* of the *glorious inheritance of the saints in light*. Thus experience worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. The *decay of the outward man* often terminates in the *renewal and revival of the man of grace*; while the former

mer is tumbling into ruins the latter is *building his nest in the stars.*

In afflictions the soul seeks out her evidences; ponders over the word and work of God; searches after the *girdle of truth* to gird up the *loins of the mind*; feels for the lamp of salvation to burn afresh, that *her state* may appear clear and bright; and as soon as the house is searched by self-examination, and those things *confessed* that appear to be wrong, then it is *swept* in answer to prayer, and the peace found, which, perhaps, was (with respect to the enjoyment of it) lost; then, O! then, the soul is ready; the loins are girded, the candle is lighted, and peace is enjoyed: the longing eye is fixed on the end of our faith and the end of our race; the lamp of salvation is in the hand of divine confidence, and the mantle of an imputed righteousness wrapped close about; the soul then thinks it could smite the waters with the skirt of it, and go over even *dry shod.*

The girdle of truth, Madam, is a sure defence against the destroying attacks of the father of lies; *because thou hast kept the word of my patience I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.*

The atonement of Christ is an eternal security against the flaming sword of vindictive justice; and, if found upon us, it will give us *right* and *free access to the tree of life, which is in the midst of*
the

the paradise of God. Under the type of this atonement Israel escaped the destroying sword at the *midnight cry of Egypt*; and under the antitype of that the wise virgins will escape when the second *midnight cry* proclaims the Bridegroom coming; when the *same sword* will come down on *Idumea*, the people of God's curse, to judgment.

An imputed righteousness is a *breast-plate* sufficient to repel the force of every curse or condemning sentence of God's holy and righteous law; *there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*

The *breast-plate of love* guards the heart of an afflicted saint against the strong encroachments of surviving friends, who too often make inroads on the resigned and passive soul, and bring it into a *strait between two*; *having a desire to continue, and a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better; but which to choose they wot not.*

The spirit of life in us is a divine security against a departure or separation from God, which is called *the second death*: such have everlasting life, and can never perish; none can pluck them out of God's hands, nothing can separate them from him; *he that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit*—astounding mystery!—This is the armour, Madam, that God has provided for his saints; and it is as sure a defence, as the war with death is certain—*there is no man that hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death;*
and

and there is no discharge in that war, Eccl. viii, 8. Put ye on therefore the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand, and having done all to stand; "for I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

It is common with the people of God, when afflictions come suddenly on them, to be much surprised and dismayed: hence Peter tells you not to *think it strange concerning the fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you*, 1 Pet. iv. 12. for the same *strange things* are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world. Temptations, unbelief, doubts, fears, and dark clouds, often gather thick about the poor believer when he goes first into the furnace, which makes him gather all up into himself, until he finds, as the Scriptures say, that in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, and that the more he looks to himself the worse he gets; then he is glad to look to Jesus. *We had the sentence of death in ourselves*, says Paul, *that we should not trust in ourselves, but in him that raiseth the dead. All flesh is grass*, and the goodness thereof as the flower of grass—the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall abide for ever. —Blessed is the man that trusteth not in his own heart;—blessed is the man that leaneth not to his own

own understanding—blessed is the man that feareth alway, and that trusteth in the Lord with all his heart: *trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*

With respect to myself, Madam, I go on the old way,—through some tribulation, and some consolation: but you may always know *my spiritual affairs*, and *how I do* with respect to them, if you look impartially into your own heart—for, as *in water face answers to face, so doth the heart of man to man.* If the Lord shines on his word I can say with the Psalmist, *In thy light we see light; I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation,* Psal. cxix. 99. But if he hide his face *I am troubled*, and ready to cry out, *I am a stranger in the earth, hide not thy commandments from me,* Psalm cxix. 19. If the good work on my soul seems to flag, I say, *Search me, O Lord, and try me;*—and if God answers my prayer I change my voice, saying, *Chasten me not in thine anger lest thou bring me to nothing, neither rebuke me in thy hot displeasure.* If God appears about my path and about my bed—and his visitations preserve my spirit—I wish all to know it, and cry, *Shew me a token for good, that those who hate me may see it,* Psalm lxxxvi. 17. But if this be granted, and my God withdraw, then I say, *Who have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*

Well

Well may we be called little children, for we stand in need of guiding and upholding continually; and, blessed be our God, he has promised to *guide us with his eye, to direct our work in righteousness, to keep the feet of his saints, and to hold us up in our goings, that our footsteps slip not.* We are compassed about with many exceeding great and precious promises, while divine faithfulness and truth stand bound by a thousand ties to make them all good; search them out therefore, and consider them well. When thou art under the rod, remember every stripe lies in a promise; and look out then for another that promises a cure; *I will bring them health and cure—and I will heal them.* When dejected or bowed down, it is written, the mean man shall be *brought low, and the haughty humbled*; and it is likewise written, they shall be *exalted to safety.* The Saviour told his disciples, that *when the Comforter was come* he should testify of him, and *shew them things to come*; and John tells us, in his Revelations, that *the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy*; and I believe all the children of God may prophesy in turn. When I seem to go on prosperously in soul, in health, and in temporal affairs, I then prophesy that some trouble or sharp trial is coming upon me, for *God hath set adversity against prosperity.* And when bereft of all comfort, and I appear to be nothing but corruption, I then prophesy that the Lord will come and

and shine again ;—*Rejoice not against me, O my enemy, saith the prophet ; for if I fall I shall rise again,—if I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me, and he shall bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.* If I have put up a fervent prayer, and I find a comfortable persuasion in my heart that the Spirit helped me, and that my prayer is heard and accepted, I then prophesy that I shall surely receive the things that I prayed for—*whatsoever ye ask believing ye shall receive ; and faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.* When I am conscious that I have done wrong, and have brought guilt on my spirit, I then prophesy that I shall be well whipped for this ; *God hath promised to visit our sins with the rod, and our iniquities with scourges ;* and when the rod comes on I prophesy that it is for my soul's good—for *God will not be always wroth, neither will he keep his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.* When I have had a most comfortable time in the pulpit, and the power of God has attended me, I prophesy that the next sermon will be a barren one to me,—*and it often cometh to pass.* When I go into any fresh place to preach the gospel, I prophesy of reproach and hard speeches ;—*the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every place, says Paul, that bonds and afflictions abide me.* As soon as I first felt the pardon of my sin, a lively hope to spring up in my soul, and love to God in my heart, I

prophefied that *my name was enrolled in the book of life*; or, as Job fays, that *my record was on high*; and it was a true prophecy: and every believer may prophesy of hope in his death, and of glory in heaven,—for the *righteous hath hope in his death,—and whom God juftifies them he alfo glorifies*. By this my dear friends will perceive that I am turned prophet at laft: and what I fhall be next *I wot not*; but hope ever to remain, in the bonds of the gofpel,

Your moft affectionate,

And obedient fervant to command,

WM. HUNTINGTON.

*Wincheſter-Row, Paddington,
July 4, 1788.*

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